

And my blood sings out for joy that for a while  
It is free, unfettered as a butterfly  
And the feeling  
Is indescribably sweet and light.

But I can't stay up in the air  
Like that all night.  
Eventually my freedom car slows down.  
I totter, limp from laughing, to the exit  
And there to meet me is a well-known sight,  
Bigger and stronger than before my flight.  
After the neon excitement has subsided  
And darkness has muffled the last enraptured squeals,  
There it is, shambling softly at my heels.

-- Edith Ogutsch

Los Angeles, California

### Reformer

Three little girls  
were eating pomegranates in the park  
...red smears giggled across their lips....  
and the October sun fought with clouds.  
A boy wrestled a joyous dog  
on the dry brown grass.  
An old woman cackled. The pigeons, the sparrows  
jousting for positions in oases  
granted by the gentleness of old men.  
Children were edgy with euphoria.  
The pale man explored the mysteries  
Of his battered shopping bag,  
furtively ... though with industry.  
A toyfaced squirrel sat at the alert,  
awaiting his dole.  
Girls flowed by in bouffant pretties,  
ponytails and dungarees  
and silken clinging things  
and they electrified the autumnness  
with a poignance that caught the throat  
of the pale man, lost in his shopping bag.  
A quick, sharp, dark man slapped a child.  
A mouth organ quavered.



Then, the world ended for most of them  
with a roar and a thud and a splashing  
and there were voices bawling madness  
in every key  
and there were red-stained tatters everywhere.  
He didn't really WANT to throw the bomb,  
he told them, but they had MADE him, oh  
they had MADE him,  
with their teasing  
frivolities.

-- O. W. Crane

Pittsburgh, Pa.

## SEARCH

One professor went mad  
And one jumped out a window  
Maybe the world closed in on them.  
Or maybe it drew back  
While they reached out for it  
With trembling wrists  
And pulsing fingers  
Seeking something  
That would  
That could  
Stand

## STILL

(reposefulness)  
But  
Then  
When hope  
Qu-ak-e-d aw-a-y  
1 professor went (mad)  
& 1 jumped  
out the  
win  
do  
w  
.

-- Dorothy Nyren

Newton Highlands, Mass.